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## SPEED-LOVE.

Have you ever sat in a subway express and watched it overhaul a local? Have you ever noticed a feeling of intense elation and exhilaration as you see its lighted windows falling quickly and more quickly behind yours, and as you finally leap ahead and leave it behind in darkness and defeat?

Have you ever asked yourself what it is that makes each millionaire in his auto desire to get ahead of any auto on the road before him, makes each humbler citizen feel pleasure when his express swings by his neighbor's local, makes each horse fret unless he can keep his nose ahead of the horse next to him?

What is this curious instinct which makes us prefer to be in front rather than behind our fellow? Why should we, men and horses alike, desire to excel in speed rather than in slowness?

Perhaps this is the answer:

A horse wants to keep its nose ahead of another horse because, when cattle roamed the prairies in their wild state, the horse or the bull which was the fastest could get first to the water when drinking time came—could get first out of range when danger came.

The New York citizen likes to see his express get ahead of his neighbor's local because the fastest monkey could get first to the ripest nuts and first away from peril.

The ambition to lead for leadership's sake, which idealists would give as the reason for the desire to get ahead, had nothing to do with it, for not the fastest but the wisest horse or cow or ape was the leader of the band.

No, abstract ambition for priority is all very well, but the thoroughbred thrills with pleasure at winning a classic race simply because a mare once thrilled with terror at the howling of the wolves behind her; the millionaire in his \$20,000 car glows with joy at lowering the mile record simply because a monkey once glowed with joy at first reaching a succulent berry bush. The speed-love which makes us all rejoice in horse races, auto races, boat races, foot races, springs from no nobler emotions than greed and fear.

But let us not be too much harrowed at the speed-instinct and its base origins, for that instinct will not long survive. On the day when socialism rules the world the speed-instinct is doomed to disappear. The competitive spirit will then find room in the breasts of neither horse nor man nor monkey. In those joyous days the test of success in an auto race (if autos still exist) will be that no one of the co-operators shall outstrip another, while on the turf of the future each socialistic thoroughbred (if thoroughbreds are still tolerated) will be fired by the one noble aim to accurately attain the speed of the slowest horse.

When will that day come? Why, just as soon as horses no longer strive to pass one another in a race from death—just as soon as monkeys no longer strive to outscramble each other in a race for nuts.

## Health and Beauty

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer

## SIESTAS AS BEAUTY MAKERS.

IN New York at the lunch hour, which in Italy and other Southern cities is called the hour of rest, the hour of the siesta, when even the humblest worker desists from his labors, there is no rest for the weary. One must fight one's way through the immense crowds which throng the sidewalk, and breathless and exhausted join the other seekers after refreshment.

Still fighting, one crosses Broadway and enters through the gate of a fine old church, whose hospitable portals are always open. In the pleasant, shaded old graveyard of this church (and graveyards are always pleasant when they are old) it is only the new ones which strike cold to the heart, are numbers of working girls sitting on the grass under the trees, their backs comfortably supported against defaced and crumbling tombstones, alternately reading and munching their luncheons.

These girls, I venture to say, are the only people in this seething, rushing city who have solved the problem of the noonday siesta. Having absolutely separated themselves from the cares of their office work and the terrifying pushing throng outside, they sit quietly and alone, relaxed mentally and physically.

They alone seem to understand the vast importance of changing the atmosphere and resting quietly for one hour every day of their lives. Some of them even go inside the church, on a rainy day especially, and seek sanctuary, as it were, from the tumult outside.

Two girls I know have settled the question by eating their luncheons on the roof of the great office building, where on the hottest days there is always a fresh breeze. Sitting in the shadow of a projecting eave, they eat their sandwiches with an appetite never felt when defunctly choked down in the heated and overcrowded offices of the day. They are employed. They have the splendid panorama to gaze upon of all New York and Brooklyn, bridges, steamers and small craft, and here and there public squares which are gleaming little spots of green from that elevation.

Other girls, even more fortunate in working further downtown, hasten to the Battery at noon and enjoy sea breezes and a bit of park for one brief hour. This is really the only sensible and rational way for New York to spend its siesta, but its working girls seem to be the only ones who have discovered it.

## Letters from the People.

## One Idea of War.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
 We lived through the infamous, home-opera war with Spain and came out of it with barren honor and a lot of islands that leave our hithermost impregnable country open to attack in the Pacific. Have we not seen enough as yet, and as a nation to avoid another such blunder by raising fight talk about Japan? Talk this over sanely, readers.  
 M. L. K.

## For Sensible Clothes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
 I think New Yorkers would endure summer far better and look better if they would adopt cool crash or linen suits and wide-leaved hats from June to October. What is uglier and hotter than the summer clothes our men wear? What cooler or prettier than white clothes?  
 C. B. W.

## Navigation vs. Railroads.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
 Will some well-read readers kindly give me a few points for the affirmative side of the following debate: "Resolved, That the World Owe More to Navigation than to Railroads?"  
 HERMAN ZILBERMAN.  
 Pretty Teachers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
 In response to the question, "Do you think each child should better

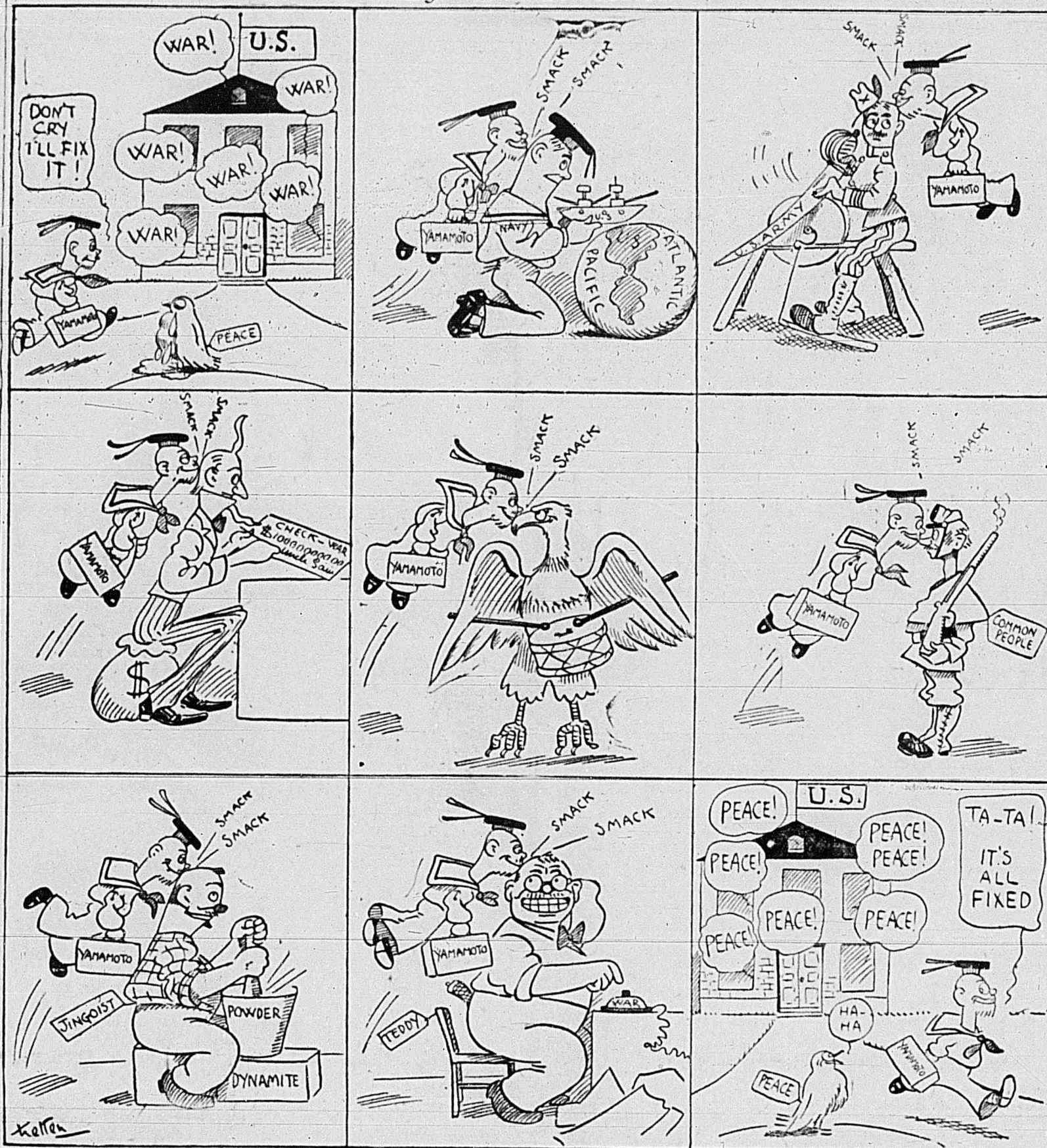
than homely ones?" I, for one, say that it is not so, and I can prove it. Last term we had a teacher who (with no disrespect to her) was not very pretty. But with this teacher I can truly say we learned more than with any of the others, and they were pretty. Respectfully yours,  
 GERSON KAUFMAN.

Cool Summer Clothes.  
 To the Editor of The Evening World:  
 A few years ago most people wore crash suits, one summer. They were very cool, very pretty, very comfortable and very cheap. Five dollars bought a fine one. The custom went out and now we wear dark, thick, uncomfortable, costlier, unbecoming clothes. Also with narrow-brimmed straw hats instead of cool, broad-brimmed headgear. Who will be sane enough to reform all this?  
 OWEN B. DABROW, JR.

The Girl in the Subway.  
 To the Editor of The Evening World:  
 Why do so many girls join in the hoodlum rush to board subway trains at Fourteenth street? That rush itself and the horseplay accompanying it is a disgrace and a nuisance. It is worse at Fourteenth street than at all other stations combined. But let girls have self-respect enough to keep clear of it.  
 OLD DOG.

## A Jolly Jap Tar.

By Maurice Ketten.



## New York Thro' Funny Glasses

By Irving S. Cobb

INTO the voice of the city there creeps a new strain. We catch it—steady, pulsating, insistent—mingling with the more familiar sounds, such as the motorist spraining his back and his disposition simultaneously as he cranks up for a run to Westchester or the West One Hundred and Fifty-second street police station, as the case may be; the xylophone solo emitted from the visible tonsils of the snoreful hobo as he sleeps on the park bench, with his face open to the noonday sun glare and the sparrows prospecting for nesting material in his hair; the running monologue of the Broadway thespian as he discusses the merits and demerits of his profession, giving himself all of the first named and his fellow-actors all the rest; the reverberating echoes from yonder scene loft where the new drama of the anti-vaccination problem, "More to Be Pitted than Scared," is being put into rehearsal; and the cheerful ticking notes given off by the clocks in the college boys' hose.

What bodes this new note insidiously intruding itself into the summer melody of the city? Considered purely as a bode, it is not to be mentioned in the same class with many of our regular bodepers. It is merely the chorus of discontent and protest raised by those of us who have returned from vacations railing against the stewed-prune extortions of the landlord of the summer hotel, the long-maned rapacity of the ritzy river stable man and the sea-weathered soullessness of the inland laundryman.

He, he, and yet again a shudder! One insured to the customs of our island

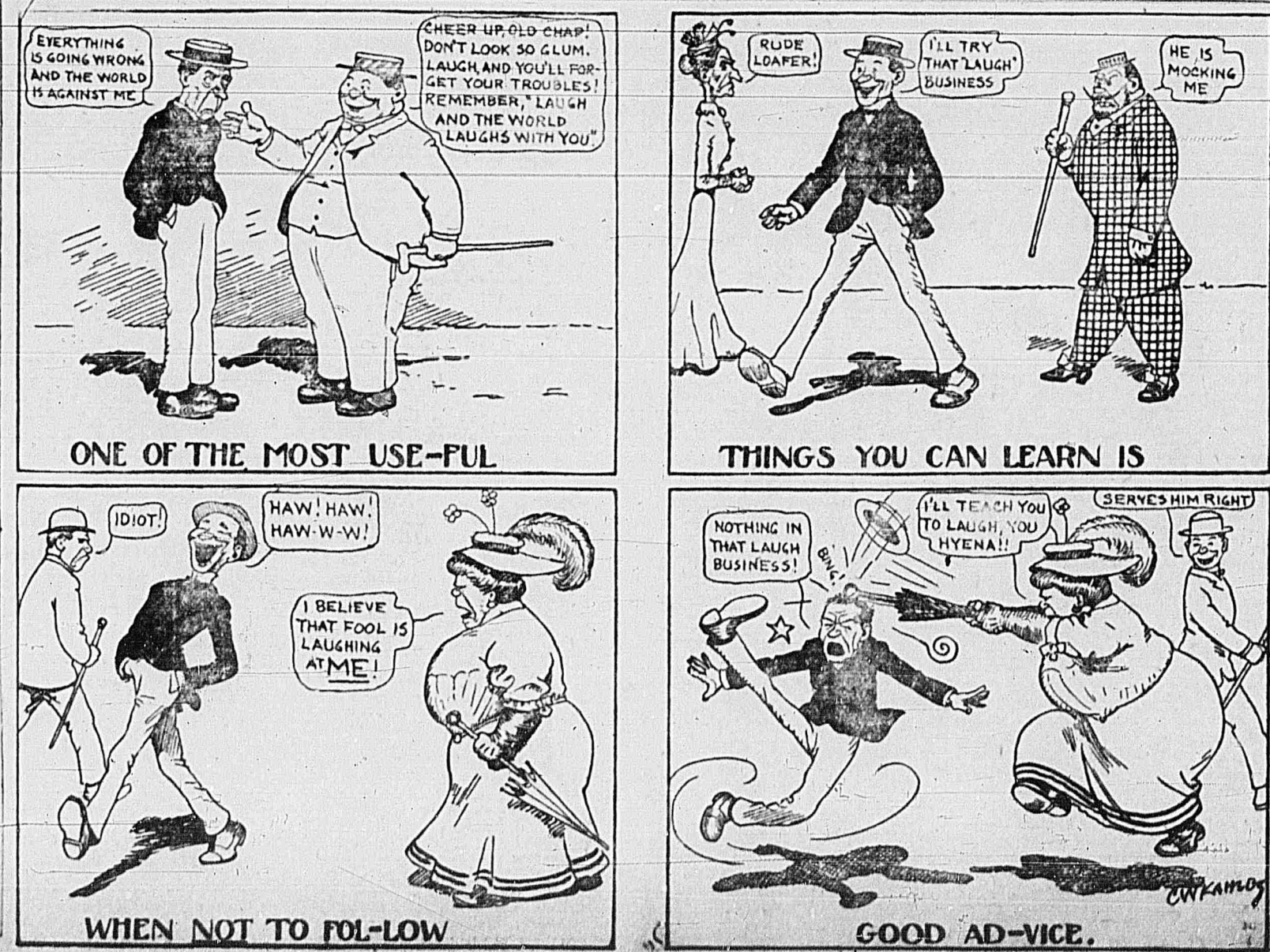
should be able to summon up a consoling philosophy for such things as these. One who lives in Manhattan should by now be used to the swollen sensation which follows on a subtle sting. After all, when you come to sift the seeds out of the alfalfa you find that the way they display their whiskers doesn't seem to make such a difference in the style of their operations. Uncle Gabe Grinders, the up-State banker, who wears one of those over-hanging bushy eyebrows on the lower end of his front yard in order to save the expense of collars and neckties, has exactly the same kind of frozen corpulence in his refrigerated veins as those which percolate the icy arteries of the courtly and accomplished financier who keeps his facial lawn skinned like a tennis court, and who dives for the hydraulized stock gambling in the watery depths of the great irrigation canal known as Wall street.

Is not the native New Yorker the prey and the plaything of the waiter, the cabman, the ticket speculator and the marketman? Does he not pay two prices for food in the glittering Broadway cafe, and then, after waiting an hour, receive a cold, dead portion of something that he didn't order and never would think of ordering unless delicious? Does he not recognize that the legal tariff of cab charges is pure fiction and fork over what the weather-beaten Rube Burrows on the top of the Tansom may demand? Does he not—oh, what's the use! The scales they weigh him on at birth give false returns, and at his funeral the undertaker charges his estate for extra carriage (that never show up).

THE FUNNY PART:  
 Yet he comes home bleeding of robbery because the postmaster at Painful Falls, N. Y., who has to make enough in six weeks to live on the rest of the year, charged him double prices for his mess of souvenir postal cards.

## The Cheerful Primer.

By C. W. Kahles.



## The Clinging Girl— and Other Things

Which Make Short Summer Reading.

HE clever, sophisticated girl who is a good sport may be conspicuous these days, but the keen observer will see that the clinging girl, with the big, melting eyes, in her quiet way is getting the big plums in the marriage game. Aunt Laura, who knows the matrimonial jungle like a book, says the New Broadway Magazine, has strong convictions upon this point.

The charming debutante says: "I'll never be the success mother was, though. I'm clinging enough. Mother was one of the gentle, soft-spoken, dreamy-eyed, white-muscled and blue-ribbed belles, and Aunt Laura insists that they are still the winners, in spite of all the slinky, hollywood modernism one finds among society women to-day. She says that men's tastes haven't changed at all. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be: the oak thinks the ivy is the real thing in helpmeets—and man's approval is the whole law for the aspiring debutante. Remember, my dear, I am giving you the gospel according to Aunt Laura, not my own humble ideas."

## A Coming Sunstroke Gives Warning;

What to Do for a Man Who Is Stricken.

A SUNSTROKE is nothing more or less than a hot box in the human machinery, says the Cleveland Plaindealer. The body grows too warm, the delicate mechanism which regulates the distribution of heat gets out of order, the vital organs are suddenly damaged and the whole machine runs amok. Anything which interferes with the proper operation of the thermal flywheel in the medulla oblongata increases the likelihood of sunstroke. Alcohol is one such a thing. The man who swallowed a glass of whiskey four or five times is four or five times more liable to sunstroke on a hot day than the man who has stuck to limeade or ice water. And it is an exceedingly dangerous malady. The usual symptoms of coming sunstroke are dizziness, pains in the head and a feeling of oppression. The victim has a sensation of suffocation and very often this forces him to stop work and seek rest in some cooler place. If he does not do so, however, commonly follows and after that insensibility.

The hospitals of the big cities now treat sunstroke with ice. The patient is carried to a cool place and flooded with ice water. His head is bathed, his whole body is sponged and water is forced into his mouth. When a hospital is not at hand this treatment should be begun at once. Carry the patient to a cool place as quickly as possible and open his clothes. Pour cold water over his body and apply ice or water to his head. Don't be afraid of using too much.

The most effective treatment involves the use of stimulants, but these should be administered by a physician. The use of whiskey, however much it may seem to revive the patient, should be absolutely avoided.

## Would You Like to Lose Your Curves?

Get Out and Walk Four Miles an Hour.

RISK, vigorous walking will take off flesh, and the more one perspires while doing it the better. The proper thing is to get up early, before the world is abroad, dress not for coolness but in a woollen suit or else a cloth skirt and sweater, and start with the express idea of perspiring all one can. Such hard exercises should never be taken on an empty stomach; neither should it be after a heavy meal. It is necessary to take a glass of milk or a cup of tea, either of which is quite enough to sustain one for the several miles that should be gone over.

It is all-important that the body should be held as near the upright position as possible, with the shoulders thrown back and the chest projected forward so as to give to the chest its full dimensions.

Any stoop or leaning is particularly bad at this time, and should not be indulged in if one is to get good from tramping.

Four miles an hour is fast walking, but none too much so for those seeking to work off flesh, and one will return home bathed in perspiration. Immediately after should be taken, in a tub if the latter is available, if not a sponge must do, but the entire body should be well wet. The water must be little more than blood warm, and to make a bath quite perfect it should finish with a shower, beginning with warm and ending with cold water.

Orange juice as a substitute for food is highly recommended for those trying to take off flesh. Breakfast should consist merely of a winglass of orange juice, and the dose may be repeated every hour throughout the day. At lunch a few crackers made especially for flesh reduction may be eaten, but these are all. Dinner, however, may be of almost anything one wishes, but the next day must be devoted to orange juice again.

## Ask a Malay What Time It Is;

He'll Tell You by His Coconut Shell.

IN Malay the natives keep a record of time in the following way: Floating in a bucket filled with water, they placed a coconut shell having a small perforation through which, by slow degrees, the water found its way inside. This opening was so proportioned that it took just one hour for the shell to sink and sink. Then a watchman called out; the shell was emptied and they began again.

Such trifles as minutes and seconds were not heeded on the peninsula. Fancy any one asking the time in Malay, and being told that the coconut shell was half full!

There was a young girl of Malay,  
 Who inquired the time of day,  
 Said the watchman, "Well, well,  
 By my coconut shell  
 'Tis half-after noon, I should say."

## What the Real Beauty Sleep Is; How Much of It a Woman Needs.

THE old-fashioned definition of beauty sleep was one sleep that is taken before midnight. Beauty sleep is the sleep a woman gets after she has slept seven hours and before she has slept nine, says a Viennese specialist in the London Daily Mail.

A woman needs seven hours' sleep for the building up of her system. Then she needs two hours more for the recuperation of her body, and the extra two hours will restore her complexion, make her eyes bright, take the wrinkles out of her face and keep her form elastic.

The woman who wants to derive the fullest benefit from her beauty sleep will compose her mind before sinking off into slumber. She will think pleasant thoughts. Worrying thoughts make furrows in the brow and set lines around the mouth. A little light in a bedroom is a good thing for some people, for it will act cheerfully upon the nerves and drive away nightmare.

Do not allow yourself to be awakened in the morning if you mean to get beauty sleep; or if you must be roused let it be ever so gently. Do not wake up with a start, with an alarm clock or in consequence of a bell ringing, for these harsh sounds will jar the nerves and destroy some of the good the sleep has done you.

## Doesn't Your Parrot Talk Enough?

Then Send Him to This School of Languages.

A SCHOOL of languages for parrots has been founded in Paris, a city always in the forefront in matters of education. M. Lallement, the director, has about a dozen birds under him, but accepts other pupils to learn English, French, German or Italian, and, mirabile dictu! most of the pupils show no great linguistic aptitude, says the London Standard. It is rather painful to admit that the school has been founded for material gain and nothing more. But so it is—the times of St. Francis of Assisi and of Jean Jacques Rousseau, who asked us to love animals as ourselves, have gone by.

M. Lallement believes that the value of a parrot is greater if it can be sold in more than one country, and so, by teaching his birds four languages, he hopes to make them acceptable in four countries. M. Lallement says that his pupils never confuse two languages, but, unfortunately, they take three months to learn the rudiments of each. Three months to be able to say "The pen of my uncle's son" in four languages is a long time. But, though wearisome work, the teaching is profitable, for each pupil pays from \$12 to \$15 a month to be installed as boarder at this ultra-modern academy.

## Talk About Fresh Air—Here It Is, Brought Down Ten Miles from the Sky.

THE curiosity of the modern man of science knows no bounds. One of his latest exploits is trapping and bringing down to the ground with the aid of an automatic apparatus attached to a balloon specimens of the upper air from the height of almost ten miles. The apparatus and the experiment were of French invention, and at a meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris not long ago Prof. d'Aubignac reported the result of the analysis of the captured air. It simply showed that at the height of 51,000 feet above the sea level the composition of the atmosphere practically is the same as at the surface of the earth, although its density, of course, is comparatively slight.